



Madame Chiang Arrives at Wesleyan

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Special Convocation Issue

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VOLUME 23

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Convocation Program

ORGAN PRELUDE: Choral in A Minor *Cesar Franck*

PROCESSIONAL MARCH: Marche Pontificale *de la Tombelle*

San Min Chu I National Anthem of the Chinese Republic
(To be played on the organ)

INVOCATION

BISHOP ARTHUR JAMES MOORE, D.D., LL.D.

ADDRESS

HER EXCELLENCY MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

The Star-Spangled Banner . . . National Anthem of the United States
(To be played on the organ)

CONFERRING HONORARY DEGREES

PRESIDENT NENIEN COATSWORTH McPHERSON, JR.
Ph.B., B.D., Ph.D., D.D.

THE WESLEYAN ALMA MATER

BENEDICTION

BISHOP ARTHUR JAMES MOORE, D.D., LL.D.

RECESSIONAL MARCH: Crown Imperial *William Walton*
(The audience will please remain seated until notified
that it may leave the building.)

ORGANIST—DORIS ONDERDONK JELKS, B.M.

THE PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE

Front Cover—Assisting Madame Chiang is L. W. Kung, elder son of her sister, Eling Soong Kung, and private secretary to Madame Chiang during her American visit. The other men are members of the secret service. (This picture and one on page 20 by Drinnon, Macon Telegraph Photographer.)

On pages 3, 6, 13, 15—Photos by Press Association, Inc.

On Pages 4 and 9—Photos by Cecil Coke, Photographer, of Macon, the latter for Acme News Service.

On pages 5, 8, and back cover (top)—Photos by Tracy O'Neal, Atlanta Journal Photographer.

On pages 10 and 19—Photos by Kay Cain, Atlanta Constitution Photographer.

On back cover (Photo of signature)—Hillyer C. Warlick, Photographer, Macon.

THE WESLEYAN ALUMNAE

Mei-ling's Return To Wesleyan Marked By Wealth Of Emotion

By Wright Bryant, Associate Editor and Managing Editor, The Atlanta Journal
(From The Atlanta Journal, June 27, 1943)

MACON, Ga., June 26.—Next to love of family and love of country, there is no affection which strikes deeper and truer wellsprings of human sentiment than love of a college where one's youth has been happy and where character has been molded.

So the moment was rich with emotion Saturday afternoon when Madame Chiang Kai-shek—Mei-ling Soong she was to dozens of those in the audience—stepped on the stage of Wesleyan College's chapel, not the one on the new campus at Rivoli but the venerable hall on a sun-drenched hill above the City of Macon.

Here stands the first college in the world chartered to grant degrees exclusively to women.

And here came the woman who epitomizes all that is finest, both in the twentieth century's fight for the survival of human dignity and in the oldest civilization that mankind has known—that of the wise, and patient, and courageous people of China.

She came on a special train and from that train in a caravan of motorcars, guarded and shielded by the United States Secret Service, for she is the First Lady of a great nation and in this country she is the guest of the republic and its President.

Winning Simplicity

But she marched slowly into Wesleyan's chapel as the faithful and affectionate daughter, returning to her alma mater, and her words of loyalty and thanks, uttered with the simplicity and straightforwardness of the truly great, brought honest tears into the eyes of those who love this college.

Here as a small girl she had played on the wide verandas and studied under special tutors while her older sisters attended classes in the college itself.

Here she, the younger sister who later

did her academic work at Wellesley in the East, but who reserved a special affection for this quiet Southern campus and its Christian people, returned to accept the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws for herself and for the two sisters to whom awards were made in absentia.

"If a fairy godmother appeared here and told me I might have any wish that I ask, I would say to her: 'Fairy Godmother, wave your wand and let me have with me here my sisters, Eling Soong Kung and Chungling Soong Sun.' How they would love to be here and how I would love to have them here with me."

Madame Chiang voiced the deep affection that ties together this great family of China.

China's Great Family

What a family it is—these three daughters who married the builders and defenders of modern China—they and their brother, T. V. Soong, who is himself one of the statesmen of the Chinese Republic.

Their lives were molded not only by Wesleyan College but by the warmth and the spiritual goodness of Southern people.

Their father, Charlie Jones Soong, came to North Carolina as a young man,



President McPherson, Madame Chiang, and Dean Akers



Madame Chiang receives her diploma from Dean Akers

(Dr. McPherson with his back to the camera; in the background Lt. Herbert P. Haley, Wesleyan Trustee; Roy Domingos, Willie (Snow) Ethridge, Alumnae Trustee; Dean Annabel Horn of Wesleyan School of Fine Arts.)

almost a boy, on a sailing ship, and there he was converted to Christianity in the Methodist Church, and from there he returned to his home country to dedicate his life and his family to rebuilding of an ancient nation, beset with internal troubles and external enemies.

Eling Soong, of Wesleyan's class of 1909, married H. H. Kung. She and her husband are both members of the Chinese National Government.

Chung-ling Soong, of Wesleyan's class of 1913, married Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the father of the Chinese Republic, and she is honored throughout the world for her own part in the rebirth of China.

Mei-ling Soong, as the world knows, married Chiang Kai-shek, who as generalissimo of China has been fighting since 1931 this war in which all the world stands now aligned on one side or the other.

Her return to this campus was, as President N. C. McPherson, Jr., phrased it, "A high moment in the history of Wesleyan College."

"We have 6,000 alumnae," said Dr. McPherson proudly, "and today we welcome not only our most distinguished alumna, but the most distinguished wom-

an in the world today."

None in the ancient chapel Saturday afternoon, and few in the world of the United Nations, would question the president's words.

"Just Coming Home"

But Madame Chiang, slim and gracious in a flowered silk dress of severe simplicity, replied:

"This is a unique honor and a great pleasure. It is unique because I accept not one degree but three, two for my sisters and one for myself.

"And yet I feel that I am just coming back to the old folks at home. So I have prepared no speech and I just want to talk to you."

Then she told how she wished for her sisters to be with her and she paused to recount the names of friends at Wesleyan and in Macon.

"What an influence their lives had in the direction of our education, and what good they wrought for the world," said Madame Chiang.

Righteous Anger

But her soft voice took on a glint of righteous anger when she began to talk of what was happening in her own country.

She was telling these old friends in Macon what her sisters were doing for China. Madame Kung, she said, has been one of the chief builders of the new Chinese industries on which the country depends for goods it cannot bring through the Japanese blockade.

"When the Japanese came to our country and plundered it," said this soft-spoken woman with the eyes of steel, "they took away a great many of our spindles, and we had to return to the old ways of making cloth. Madame Kung has fostered that change.

"Madame Sun Yat Sen is a member of the National Government and has upheld the will of our people to resist aggression.

"She has upheld the morale of these people who are fighting not only for China"—here Madame Chiang paused and scanned her audience—"but for you."

The crowd cheered, for all the world is beginning to realize that if China had not continued what often seemed a hopeless resistance the Japanese would have become unconquerable in the Orient.

Quickly Madame Chiang returned to the soft note of friendship.

Our Southern Friends

"Very often," she told the people of Wesleyan, "after our own work is done, we three sisters sit and chat about you and our other Southern friends whom we feel to be almost members of our own family.

"We want you to know that we hold you in the greatest affection and admiration, and that sentiments expressed in the many talks we heard in this chapel are constantly with us throughout our lives. she concluded, turning to the excited girls in white dresses who surrounded the faculty and distinguished guests on the platform, "I commend a few lines that tell what has enabled China to carry on so well and that you may well take as your guide:

"Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

Then she donned the academic robes which, because of the heat, she had not worn as she came into the chapel, and received from Dr. N. C. McPherson the honorary degrees for herself and her sisters.

Over her head the hood was placed by Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, widow of Bishop Ainsworth, who was president of Wesleyan when Mei-ling Soong was a little girl there.

*These lines were taken from a poem called "Ye Weary Wayfarer" by the Australian, Adam Lindsay Gordon. 1833-1870.

Alma Mater Hymn

From a thousand throats welled the alma mater hymn with a fervor that may not soon be equalled:

"Hail Wesleyan thou emblem of all that is grand . . .
Upholding thine ideals, thy daughters shall be
True, faithful, and loyal, dear Wesleyan, to thee."

Out to the veranda went Madame Chiang to greet briefly crowds which could not gain access to the ceremonies.

From the chapel emerged the fortunate few who could be present for this great

moment in Wesleyan's history.

In their hearts echoed the prayer of Bishop Arthur James Moore:

"We thank Thee for deeds of grace and hope of glory . . . Imbue this, thy servant, with wisdom. . . .

"We would voice our deep concern for the peace of the world; and for justice and righteousness, that there may be peace. . . .

"Guard and keep our brothers and sisters, the people of China. . . . Give them strength to resist brutal and unwarranted aggression. . . .

"We thank Thee for these three extraordinary women—grant that no weariness shall overtake their souls. . . ."

Madame Chiang's Speech

DR. McPHERSON'S INTRODUCTION OF MADAME CHIANG

This is a high moment in the life of Wesleyan College. Wesleyan has 6,000 living alumnae. Today we have the high privilege of entertaining the most distinguished of these alumnae,—the most distinguished woman in the world.

Our guest has been in this country several months and has made a number of public appearances. This one is different. She told me so herself this afternoon. On this occasion she has no formal speech. She has "come home". What she says will be said from the heart, just to the "home folks". We are happy to have Her Excellency, Madame Chiang, speak to us at this time.

Dr. McPherson, Bishop Moore, and Friends of Wesleyan:

This is a unique honor and a great pleasure,—a unique honor for me to be receiving from the oldest woman's college in America three degrees in one day, two for my sisters and one for myself.

When Dr. McPherson informed me on the train that I was supposed to speak a few words, I told him that I had no address prepared because I thought this was just coming back to 'the old folks at home'. So I have prepared nothing and what I am going to say—I hope you will excuse me if it doesn't make so very much sense!

If a fairy godmother were to appear right now and say to me, "Now what would you like to have this moment?", do you know what I would reply? I would say, "Wave your magic wand, Fairy Godmother, so that my two sisters, Madame Kung and Madame Sun, could be here with me."

How they would love to be here and see you, and how you would love to see them!

I have just thought that perhaps you might like to hear a little of the work that my two sisters have been doing for my country since the beginning of the Japanese aggression in China. But before I begin, I should like to say that such fine men as our beloved President Guerry, Bishop Ainsworth, and Dr. Jenkins, and

that great woman, Mrs. Burks, whom we recognized as being great in her lifetime and whom we recognize as being greater since we have grown up,—what an influence their lives have had in directing our education! I want to take this opportunity to pay a tribute to them and to the other teachers Wesleyan has had.

Madame Kung, whom you all affectionately know as Eling Soong, to my mind, is doing one of the most outstanding pieces of work among women anywhere the world over. When the Japanese began their war of aggression against China, it was she who first recognized that, for a long war, the most important thing is to uphold the morale of the people; but equally important is the fact that to continue resistance China must increase her productive powers. For that reason, when we organized the Women's Advisory Council, the national body for directing war efforts for women in China, it was she who took the leading part in directing the efforts of Chinese women to increase production.

You perhaps know that in the old imperial days of the Manchu dynasty, Szechuan was famous for its silk. During the last thirty or forty years Szechuan had produced little because our silk center was then moved to Southern China in the Province of Chekiang; but Chekiang was partly occupied by the Japanese, with the result

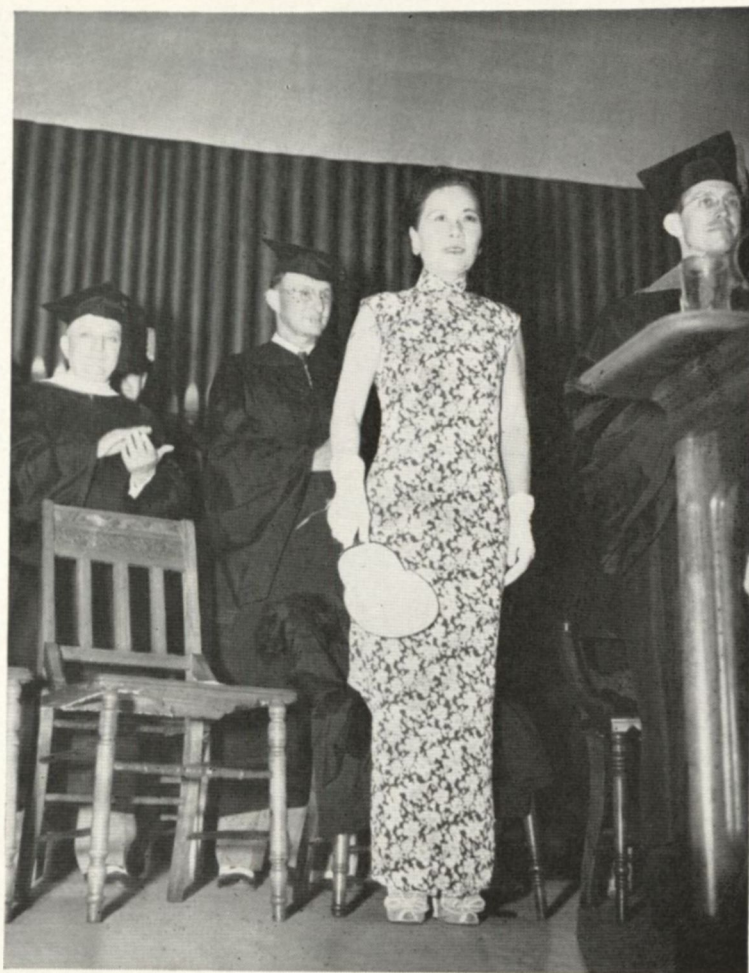


On her way to chapel

that all our silk production immediately ceased. Madame Kung foresaw the necessity for China to revive her old industry in Chekiang. For that reason she was largely instrumental in getting the silk experts from Szechuan to Chekiang and getting them to teach the people in Chekiang methods of sericulture; with the result that during the last two years silk production in Chekiang has made enormous progress.

I should like to point out here that the government was so impressed with the work that the women could do in encouraging sericulture that two years ago they gave \$500,000 to that department to improve the industry in Chekiang.

Also Madame Kung foresaw the ne-



At the close of the Chinese National Anthem

(In the background Mr. W. N. Banks and Mr. J. C. Malone,
Trustees of Wesleyan.)

cessity of providing cotton cloth for the people because she felt that in time the Japanese would cut off all our lines of communication. We then organized a cotton center. Up to that time the old hand weaving methods were gradually dying because we had modern cotton mills, but when the Japanese came to our country and plundered it they took away a great many of our spindles and destroyed our factories. Madame Kung then decided that the only way to clothe the people was to use the old-fashioned methods. Therefore, we chose a small town which was almost defunct as far as trade was concerned. We established an experimental station, planted new cotton seeds, taught the women the old-fashioned way of spinning, improved the old-fashioned methods, improved the old spinning wheel; so that today in that district the women are all self supporting, not only self supporting but they are also able to support the members of their families while the men are in the army. Meanwhile we use

that center for a training center so that the graduates can go to the various areas outside Szachuan to teach our people new methods of spinning.

My other sister, Madame Sun Yat-sen, is a member of the National Government, and as such she has encouraged and upheld the morale of our fighting men and that of our people to continue resistance. She gives her salary as a member of the National Government every month to the women to encourage training of students to work for other Chinese students all over the country. She is also interested in the children of the recruits who are fighting, not only for China, mind you, but for you and our common cause.

I know that it is very hot and that brevity is the soul of wit and you would all like to get out of this hot hall, and so I shall stop. But before I do, I should like to tell all of you that very often, after our work, we three sisters sit and chat about you, our Southern friends, whom we feel almost to be members of our own family,

and that we hold you in great affection and esteem. Some of the beautiful chapel talks which it was our privilege to listen to by the various men and women I have mentioned are often uppermost in our thoughts.

To the student body of Wesleyan I should like to say that what has enabled China to carry on is well expressed by these few lines, and I hope you will take these lines to heart:

"Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage is your own."

Bishop Moore's Prayer

Eternal God our Heavenly Father, we, Thine unworthy servants, give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of life, but above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and the hope of Glory.

Thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth. Imbue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we entrust in Thy name with the authority of government. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the days of trouble suffer not our trust in Thee to fail.

We lift before Thee, Our Heavenly Father, our deep concern for the peace of the world and for justice and righteousness that there may be peace. Cure Thy children's warring madness. Bend our lives to Thy control. Increase our faith in the power of love and brotherhood. Help us to stand firm against the swirling tides of hatred and to keep our souls free from all bitterness. We pray for victory but even more we pray that we may be worthy of victory, and have the grace to use it wisely when it comes.

We would pray especially this day that Thou wouldst graciously shield and keep our brothers and sisters, the people of China. We thank Thee for the ties of affection and interest which bind our nations together. Give to the rulers and people of China courage and strength to resist the bitter and unwarranted aggression. Give them patience under their affliction and bring out of their struggle not only peace and prosperity for their beloved nation but the advancement of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

We render unto Thee our thanks that in the days of their youth Thou didst bring to this noble institution the three extraordinary women we would honor this day. By their Christian ideals and unwavering allegiance to the cause of hu-

man betterment millions of men and women have been brought to a more abundant life. We would commend especially to Thy continual care Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Give to them the spirit of God and a sound mind in all their decisions. Prosper them in all their labors. May Thy presence keep them steadfast in days of toil and grant that no weariness shall overtake their souls and that the spirit of their redemptive leadership shall never be dampened by the rain of disappointment nor scorched by the heat of man's ingratitude.

Anoint their souls with Thy wisdom

Fill their souls with Christlike sympathy. Keep them courageous in the face of danger. Shield them from accident and harm. Grant unto them clear vision, true judgment, and so bless and favor their work that China and the whole world shall be saved from the madness of war.

Strengthen the bonds of friendship between China and these United States. May contentment reign within our borders and health and happiness within our homes, in order that Thy Kingdom may go forth until the whole earth is filled with the knowledge of Thy love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Citations

Dr. S. L. Akers, Dean of the College, presented the three candidates for the honorary degrees with the following citations:

Eling Soong Kung, eldest of China's three distinguished sisters; charming embodiment of the blended culture of Orient and Occident; Bachelor of Arts of Wesleyan College in the class of 1909; brilliant hostess; devoted mother; unofficial and political adviser to her husband, the Minister of Finance; executive; diplomat; statesman; sage counsellor and head of China's first family.

Chungling Soong Sun, wife of China's first president; heir to the ancient culture of the East, recipient of the learning of the West; Bachelor of Arts of Wesleyan College in the class of 1913; idealist and dreamer; ardent patriot and humanitarian; fearless adherent to the principle of the brotherhood of man; symbol to her countrymen of selfless devotion to lofty aims; friend of children; liberator of women, champion of the cause of universal peace.

Mayling Soong Chiang, First Lady of China; born of a distinguished family; educated in Macon, Georgia, in the halls of Wesleyan College; graduate of Wellesley College; courageous spirit of the new China; sponsor of aviation; strong companion and aid to her husband, the Generalissimo of China; eager student; wise counsellor; inspiration of statesmen; master of logic; exemplar of faith; world Christian leader; international apostle of human brotherhood and cooperation.

Dr. McPherson's Words in Conferring the Degrees

"On recommendation of the Faculty of Wesleyan College, with the approval of the Board of Trustees, and acting under the authority vested in me by the State of Georgia in the charter granted in 1836, I confer upon you, Mayling Soong Chiang, the honorary degree Doctor of Laws, with all rights, responsibilities, and opportunities thereto appertaining, and in testimony thereof, the Dean of the college will present you with the diploma of the college."

(The same words were spoken for the other two sisters, with the exception that, in the case of Madame Kung Dr. McPherson said: "Eling Soong Kung, in absentia" and of Madame Sun, "Chingling Soong Sun, in absentia". 'Chingling' is the Mandarin form of this name, and is quite often used, since Mandarin is the official dialect of China today. On the diploma it appears as 'Chungling', which was the form used by Madame Sun when she was at Wesleyan.)

IMPRESSIONS OF AN ALUMNA IN THE AUDIENCE

By Margaret Richards

(The following article was written for *The Wesleyan Alumnae*. Margaret Richards, A. B. 1924, is a member of the Atlanta Wesleyan Club. She has a position with the National War Labor Board in Atlanta.)

Wesleyan College alumnae and friends who were fortunate enough to be present at the convocation held in the historic college chapel June 26, are exceedingly grateful to Madame Chiang Kai-shek—she lived up to all expectations. She did not disappoint a single, eager, anxious admirer, according to all glowing reports. She did not "let us down" one whit.

In fact, just being in the same room with this truly great lady was an uplifting, stimulating experience long to be remembered, and one which will be recounted countless times for future alumnae daughters. It is not often in one's life that an event or person proves to be as thrilling and pleasing as has been anticipated, but Wesleyan's famous guest, returning to greet the "old folks at home" more than fulfilled every longing for even momentary proximity to greatness.

Is she as beautiful as her pictures? Is her voice really Southern? Is she as wonderful as reporters describe her? These questions and many more like them may be answered in the affirmative. She is—all that and more too! Her voice is soft, beautifully modulated, pleasingly Southern, until she speaks of the horrors of Japanese aggression, and then it deepens and becomes throaty with suppressed emotion. All that has been written about her beauty, charm and graciousness is unexaggerated.

Wesleyan College officials and alumnae had looked forward with great pride to this exciting visit, but no one knew the exact date. So final plans were put into execution on very short notice, which only added zest and spice to the preparations for receiving "the most distinguished woman in the world," as Dr. N. C. McPherson described her in his introduction.

Atlanta alumnae received the first definite word in a very mysterious communication marked "strictly confidential." It stated, "We believe now that Wesleyan will have a historic Convocation around June 22, and will break her precedent to confer three honorary degrees upon three famous sisters. This date is set for the convenience of the youngest of the three who will be here at that time to receive

the degrees."

The pledge to secrecy would have been unbearable had not the newspapers almost simultaneously released official announcement of her arrival on June 26. This, in turn, loosed a torrent of telephone calls, as alumnae began their flurried arrangements for the Macon trip.

Mrs. Norman Gibson, newly elected president of the Atlanta Wesleyan Alumnae Club, was besieged with requests for admission cards, and some inquirers even begged for the opportunity to buy invitations. To loyal alumnae who had cooperated in every way to pull Wesleyan through the dark hours of financial distress, this one thrilling, momentous event was all the reward they could have asked, had they, as Madame Chiang remarked in her talk, been able to request magic from a fairy godmother.

Memorable high lights of China's First Lady center around the little, human, impulsive things she did which endeared her to the audience, as well as knowledge of her high position in international affairs and the power she wields as the wife of China's able Generalissimo. For instance, like any other woman, she was concerned about a shiny nose on a very hot afternoon, so quickly and surreptitiously, she drew out a tiny powder puff and dabbed away. Then, she became tired of holding her white pocket book, so

just before she arose to speak, she impulsively plopped it over in the lap of the startled young soldier sitting next to her. (She was escorted to the platform by two "Flying Tigers" who had been with General Chennalt in China.)

It was evident that Madame Chiang's entourage was impressed by the affectionate warm friendliness with which alumnae and teachers greeted Mei-ling, the little girl grown up. She was first their friend, and then China's First Lady. The chorus of "do-you-remembers" dealt with childish pranks and jolly episodes, rather than any mention of world problems and international complications. Mei-ling's remarkable memory, her exquisite tact and her genuine interest and love for the former associates quickly banished any feeling of restraint and formality, and the trite old saying "a good time was had by all" never rang truer.

It was good to know that she who had witnessed so much death, destruction and terror, could relax and remember "the things that were fun." (A lesson for all of us in these trying days!)

To every college student present (and all who could return were seated with her on the chapel stage) Madame Chiang represented a promise of what women can do and the power they can wield wisely and graciously in the new world that

lies ahead.

As she described in simple and unassuming manner the magnificent work being done in China by her two sisters, every woman felt a thrill of pride in their achievements under seemingly unsurmountable obstacles.

Every educator and teacher in the audience experienced a deep stirring of pride, as Mei-ling paid tribute to her Wesleyan teachers and chatted about the way she and her sisters often talked of the beautiful chapel talks they remembered at Wesleyan. She told how much influence Dr. and Mrs. DuPont Guerri, Bishop and Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, Mrs. M. M. Burks and Dr. Charles Jenkins had in directing the education of the Soong sisters.

To every minister in the audience she typified the satisfying and soul-satisfying achievements of mission work. They were familiar with her frank confession of how her Christian beliefs had been shaken during dark days of despair and doubt. They knew she had come through to a stronger faith and that her influence and that of her husband are limitless.

But for this one occasion she belonged to the alumnae. She was "one of us" and in each there was a secret sharing of the great lady's success.

To one and all she was, as Dr. McPherson said in his presentation of the honorary degrees, "an international apostle of human brotherhood and cooperation." She was a voice raised against bitterness in a world rife with hatred. Looking at her strong, beautiful calm face, gave one the renewed conviction that peace would come and the brave new world would produce more leaders of her caliber.

Impressions Of A Macon Minister In The Audience

(From The Christian Index,
July 1, 1943)

By J. Maurice Trimmer
Pastor, First Baptist Church, Macon

Dr. Gilbert and I, with our wives, were among the exceedingly fortunate people who were admitted to the Wesleyan College chapel Saturday afternoon for the special ceremonies in which Madame Chiang Kai-shek was given an honorary degree by her Alma Mater. At the conclusion of the historic exercises, Dr. Gilbert suggested that I register my impressions of the occasion for The Christian Index.

There were several things that impressed me—the splendid way in which the Wesleyan authorities arranged and managed the affair; the distinguished personnel of the chapel audience, which in-



An audience of 900 were seated in the chapel. Many more were in the parlors in the Main Building.



Mrs. Ainsworth adjusts the hood for Madame Chiang

(In the background may be glimpsed: Katharine P. Carnes, librarian; Lt. H. P. Haley, Trustee; Bishop Arthur Moore; Mr. W. D. Anderson, Chairman of the Wesleyan Board of Trustees; Mr. James H. Porter, Trustee and benefactor.)

cluded leading educators, high ranking military officers, outstanding churchmen, and prominent civic officials; the battery of radio microphones—WMAZ, WBML, WSB, Columbia and Mutual—and the number of newspaper reporters and photographers that were conspicuous at the front; the eager expectancy with which the audience awaited the arrival of Madame Chiang and the intense enthusiasm with which they greeted her appearance on the platform; the atmosphere of emotion and sentiment which characterized the entire occasion. But my paramount impression was that of a charming and cultured Christian lady who was the very embodiment of graciousness and gallantry, and who completely captured the hearts of everyone present.

Dr. N. C. McPherson, Wesleyan president, introduced her as not only the most distinguished alumna of Wesleyan, but also "the most distinguished woman in the world today." Seeing her in person against the background of my knowledge of her career convinced me he was not extravagant in his appraisal. On the platform she exemplified that spirit to which the poet had reference when he wrote,

"As the greatest only are, in simplicity sublime." The power of her personality was manifest. Her presence uplifted and inspired. While she possessed a fascinating beauty of feature, she also illustrated what George Herbert Palmer had in mind when he said, "The most consummately beautiful thing in the universe is the rightly fashioned life of a good person." Her entire being expressed sterling Christian character.

I was also much impressed by what Madame Chiang said. Her remarks were extemporaneous, being a message from her heart to the people of Wesleyan and Macon. "I feel that I am just coming back to the home folks," she said. She spoke affectionately and with high appreciation of her classmates and former teachers. She voiced her gratitude and pleasure at receiving the honorary degree, and expressed regrets that her sisters, who were awarded degrees "in absentia," could not be present for the occasion. She reported on the activities of her sisters in Chinese national affairs and described their contribution to the war effort of her country.

Third, I was impressed by what she symbolizes. For one thing, she repre-

sents the distinguished success of the missionary enterprise. There is a very real sense in which she is a trophy of foreign missions. Of course she was influenced by her father, Charlie J. Soong, who was educated at Trinity College, North Carolina, where he became a devout Christian before returning to China. But Madame Chiang, in her article, "I Confess My Faith," seems to give principal credit for her religious devotion to the influence of her Christian mother. Writes she: "My mother lived very close to God, and her example has influenced me greatly in recent years." The mother was educated in a Christian school in China. Madame Chiang and her two sisters attended McTyrie School, a Methodist institution in Shanghai. There they were taught by Laura Haygood, of Atlanta—sister of Bishop Atticus Haygood—who, no doubt, was largely instrumental in producing the decision which brought them to Wesleyan at Macon for the pursuit of their education. So, in a very definite way, Madame Chiang and her distinguished sisters are shining trophies of the missionary enterprise.

Also, she symbolizes the supreme value of Christian education. In her remarks,

she paid eloquent tribute to the Wesleyan faculty members whose Christian influence was a vital factor in her life. Said she: "The sentiments expressed in the many talks we heard in this chapel have been constantly with my sisters and me throughout our lives." Through its contribution to the mind, character, and spirit of the First Lady of China, a small Methodist institution at Macon has made a powerful impact on world affairs. There is an old Chinese proverb which says, "Anyone can count the number of seeds in an apple, but no one can count the number of apples in a seed." Unquestionably the seed of Christian truth that was planted in the heart of Mei-ling Soong when she was a student at Wesleyan is bearing fruit in China today. The Methodist laymen of South Georgia have manifested real vision in their recent establishment of a scholarship at Wesleyan in honor of Madame Chiang, which will enable Chinese students whom she will select to obtain a complete four-year course at the institution without cost to them.

Again, she symbolizes the close relationship that exists between the United States and China at the present time. The enthusiastic reception she received, not only here in Macon but everywhere she has gone in the United States, is indicative of a new spirit of unity and brotherhood that has developed between her nation and ours. Certainly she has done much to bring it about. Her friendliness and charm constitute a magnet that is drawing the Orient and the Occident closer together daily. (The ovation given several Chinese in the uniform of the United States armed forces when they entered Wesleyan chapel for the ceremonies is a definite token of this new spirit. And the two American aviators who were seated on the rostrum beside Madame Chiang, whom she decorated in China for their distinguished service in fighting for her country, personified it.) . . . This friendliness will contribute great momentum to the missionary enterprise in China when hostilities have ceased.

Also she symbolizes the leadership of Christian womanhood in the world of affairs. Her distinguished career of service will ever be an inspiration and challenge the Christian women everywhere. One lady, who is a devout Christian, said to me when the exercises at Wesleyan were concluded: "To be in the presence of Madame Chiang generates in one a desire to be a better Christian and a more useful citizen." China's First Lady has become an outstanding leader primarily because she is a true and sincere follower of Christ.

IMPRESSIONS OF A WESLEYAN STUDENT IN THE GUARD OF HONOR

By Marelle Arnold

Wesleyan freshman, who has a summer job with The Winder News.

(From The Winder News)

There are some things in every person's life that are never forgotten. I know that some day, no matter whether I'm fated to be a blooming grandmother or an aged "old maid," my mind will turn back the pages of time and I'll remember that sweltering June day when I had the thrill of seeing the world's most distinguished woman, Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

My good luck came about by my being a student at Wesleyan College. As you all know Madame Chiang attended Wesleyan about thirty years ago, being known there as Mayling Soong. So two weeks ago when I received a letter from President N. C. McPherson informing me that the Madame was definitely coming to Macon, and inviting me to come down for the occasion, why, of course I was excited. Then came the announcement that Madame Chiang would come Saturday.

Immediately I began to wonder how I could manage to go. I had a little talk with our Editor to see how he felt about the situation. He was glad to give me the day off. "But," he said in the manner of all good editors, "bring back a story."

I arrived in Macon about noon Saturday. The minute I stepped off the bus I seemed to step into the middle of a 3-ring circus, only with all interest centering on one idea—Madame Chiang.

The Madame's train was to arrive at the Wesleyan station at 1:30. Before that time I had to go to the office to get the little pink card which was to get me past the guards stationed about for protection. As one of the Guard of Honor, I had to dress in white, so I rushed around and when the train pulled in I found myself standing in the midst of a mob made up of welcoming committee, students, alumnae and civilians. There we all waited for about 20 minutes while the porters shined the rails of the observation car, secret service men paced back and forth, and everybody made ready with their cameras. Suddenly the door opened and each neck stretched an inch higher, but it was only Dr. McPherson announcing that due to the heat, the party would remain on board the air-conditioned train until 3:30 which was time for the convocation.

I struggled back to my room to get ready to go into town to the Conservatory where all the "big doings" were to take place. I was glad to see one of my home-town folks, Mae Sue Carrington.

When we were still two blocks from the Conservatory, we began to meet Military Police and Auxiliary Police stationed about 15 feet apart. I decided it better to charge forward alone than to fight and die with the mob, so pushing my way through the crowd already gathering in front of the college made my way toward the entrance. There I showed my little pink pass for the first time. From then on I repeated this procedure every fifteen steps. Finally I discovered the spot where we girls in white were to assemble to form lines through which the processional would walk into the chapel.

After standing in line while all kinds of dignitaries passed by, we followed the processional down the aisle up onto the stage. When Madame Chiang entered the stage from the right wing, cheers and applause broke out as the lady greeted everyone with a warm smile. She was chic, fresh and beautiful. Her eyes twinkled constantly.

During the ceremony I sat on the left side of the stage and I could see plainly that Madame Chiang was genuinely happy to be visiting her old school.

She was definitely Chinese; yet she had a sort of American air about her. By her visits to Atlanta and Macon, she has brought us all closer to the Chinese Republic.

One little, unimportant detail that I noticed made me even more pleased with Madame than before, and that was that the extra tire rack on the long, black, shiny car in which she rode was, as many of ours are nowadays, empty.

Madame Chiang charmed all who saw her.



Madame Chiang leaves for the cemetery to place flowers on the graves of her friends.

Departed Friends Are Honored

(From The Macon Telegraph and News, June 27—front page box)

Dr. Davenport Guerry and Bishop Ainsworth received public tribute from Madame Chiang Kai-shek yesterday at the convocation ceremonies at Wesleyan Conservatory, but it was in the quiet of the late afternoon away from the plaudits of the crowd that Mayling Soong paid her personal tribute and honor to the two college presidents who had such great influence on her life.

After all public ceremonies were over and as the sun dipped low in the West, Madame Chiang, accompanied by Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth with only secret service men as an escort, drove to Riverside cemetery.

There she placed white peonies on the graves of Bishop Ainsworth and Dr. Guerry. She arranged the flowers herself and stood in silent contemplation for a few minutes.

Turning from Bishop Ainsworth's grave, Madame Chiang unfastened the orchids which formed her corsage and stepped to another grave. There she laid the orchids down gently. The grave was that of Eloise Ainsworth, her childhood playmate at Wesleyan.

China's First Lady Recalls Old Times

By Willie Snow Ethridge

(From The Macon Telegraph and News, June 27—front page. Willie (Snow) Ethridge, A. B. 1920, author of "As I Live and Breathe", "Mingled Yarn", and "I'll Sing One Song" is an Alumnae Trustee of Wesleyan.)

As May-ling Soong came back yesterday afternoon to the "old folks at home," as she herself expressed it with a radiant smile to receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Wesleyan, "the oldest chartered college for women in the world," there was in her slim, straight figure the same eagerness, the same fire and the same exultation that was characteristic of her as a 10-year-old child when this Georgia town knew her first in 1908.

The saucy, rowdy, dumpy little girl which Macon remembered with a catch in its throat was gone, for the woman who came back after thirty-one years was exquisitely beautiful and fragilely small. But that old spirit which seemed to go on wings, that gay, head-strong, impulsive, free spirit which made May-ling, the child, so beloved was as evident as ever.

It was in her bearing and in her voice as she faced her friends in the small, pale pink chapel of Wesleyan and began her unrehearsed "little talk from the heart" with the apology, "excuse me, please, if it doesn't make sense." And it was in her glowing face as she accepted not only her own degree of doctor of laws but one for her older sister, E-ling Soong, who is now Madame H. H. Kung, who was graduated from Wes-

leyan in 1909, and another for her second sister, Chung-ling, who is now Madame Sun Yat Sen, and was graduated from Wesleyan in 1913.

And that spirit was in her whole alert swaying body as she received in one of the parlors of the old college right after the convocation exercises the close friends she had known during the four years that she remained at Wesleyan. Two of those years she was not a college student, but was tutored by Miss Margie Burks and Miss Lucy Lester, and played with town girls, who were floundering about in the lower grades of grammar school. The third year she was a sub-freshman and the fourth year, when she was only 13 years of age, a full-fledged freshman.

As she greeted those friends of long ago, she frequently thrust out both hands and cried: "Oh, I do remember you. Yes, your face is familiar."

When Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, who had put the doctor's hood over her head in the chapel, after it had been conferred by Dr. N. C. McPherson, president of Wesleyan, came up to her in the parlor, leading by the hand her granddaughter, Eloise, who is now Mrs. Reginald Gray, May-ling said gently: "She is very much like my Eloise."

She was referring to Bishop and Mrs. Ainsworth's little daughter who has since

died, with whom she used to ride in a wheelbarrow up and down the long porches of Wesleyan, and race through the halls on her winged feet and peep in the parlor windows at the older girls and their dates. Bishop Ainsworth was the president of Wesleyan during the first years May-ling was there.

And when Mrs. DuPont Guerry, Sr., who is the widow of the president before Bishop Ainsworth, walked in, May-ling jumped up and in the old impulsive way, threw both arms around her and hugged her tightly.

"Oh, May-ling, you were such a little girl when I saw you last," Mrs. Guerry exclaimed, adjusting her hat.

"Yes, and I'm afraid I was a very mischievous girl, too."

"Not too mischievous."

And again May-ling's arms went around the elderly woman and she hugged her with all her might.

Then her enthusiasm for that little club with the pompous name, *Esse Quam Videri*, to which she belonged, exceeded all the members' expectations. I, being a member of that little group, got in to see her early and stood close by, scarcely breathing, as she greeted the others. It had been around 35 years since she had seen them; they were little girls nine and ten years old in the fourth or fifth grade of Nisbet grammar school; and yet, she seemed to remember them. She had played Up-Jinks with them, toasted marshmallows, and gone to the movies on Friday afternoons, and it was all vivid in her memory.

Remembered Carrie Belle

Carrie Belle Marshall, now Mrs. M. A. Smith of Orlando, Fla., was an *Esse Quam Videri* member, but she was not a town girl as we others were. She lived

in the college and became a close friend of May-ling. It was she who introduced May-ling into our Up-Jinks circle.

As she came into the parlor yesterday and said, "I am Carrie Belle," May-ling caught both her hands and caroled: "Carrie Belle. Oh, the fun we used to have together. Remember?"

"Do I? Oh, May-ling, you remember how we used to make candy on Sunday afternoons and hide the chafing dish in your clothes basket when we heard the teacher coming?"

"And Carrie Belle, how we used to use cold cream for butter?" May-ling threw back her exquisite head and laughed softly.

"Do you really remember all the incidents that happened at Wesleyan when you were here that the girls recall?" I asked, breaking in.

Just Recalled Fun

"No, no, just the fun we used to have in the Esse Quam Videri." Her eyes were gay with laughter. "I always remember fun."

"And do you remember May-ling," it was Carrie Belle talking again, "how you and I always had to take the members of the Esse Quam Videri to the movies because we lived at the college and had no place to entertain them?"

"Yes, yes. And where are the other members of the Esse Quam Videri? Go get them quickly," she said, tapping me lightly with her fan. "I want to see all the members of the Esse Quam Videri."

So I plowed through secret service men and local police and a tight group of Maconites who were waiting anxiously to see May-ling and located Virginia Hatcher, who is now Mrs. Charles Haslam of Marshallville, and Augusta Worsham and Lamar Sparks of Macon and led them in. When she heard Virginia's name, a light of welcome flared up in her face, and she said exultantly, "Oh, Virginia, I do remember you. Oh, your face as a little girl is coming back to me. Yes, yes, you are the same. You always had the best marshmallows at your house."

Then it was Augusta Worsham's turn to be looked at intently with that warm, friendly look. "And you are Augusta Worsham?" she asked. "Maybe, it's that hat. Take it off."

And Lamar Sparks' dark brown eyes she would have known anywhere, she said. "They are the same, beautiful eyes."

So it went for a gay, friendly, teeming hour. It ended when May-ling left to go to the cemetery to put flowers on the graves of Dr. Guerry and Bishop Ainsworth and to ride about the city which she had once known so well. But before she left the college, she whispered to Mrs. Ainsworth that she wanted her and

her granddaughter Eloise and the five members of the Esse Quam Videri, Miss Jennie Loyall, Miss Margie Burks and Miss Lucy Lester to have dinner with her.

Delightfully Gay

She wasn't as hungry at dinner as she might have been, for on the ride, which extended from fifteen minutes to an hour, she stopped at the College Hill Pharmacy, known to all Wesleyan girls as the Pharm, crawled up on a high stool and had a strawberry ice cream soda.

But if she didn't have a robust appetite at dinner, she was delightfully gay, brimming with happy reminiscences and joyous laughter. "Carrie Belle, do you remember that time you stole the chocolate cake from Miss Rivers?"

"But I didn't, you did," Carrie Belle protested.

"No, you were painting it, you remember, and you stole the back half and stuffed it with cotton."

"Well, I know you helped me," Carrie Belle insisted.

"Oh, no," said May-ling, laughing. "I always had lofty ideals."

Then she kept looking at Virginia Haslam and saying, "Yes, you are little Ginny Hatcher. You always were a sweet little thing, Ginny. And you always had plenty of fun, too."

Got Out Newspaper

Her escapades around the college, her experiences in getting out a daily newspaper, in long hand with the help of Carrie Belle who was the artist and Eloise, who was the president, to make fifteen cents spending money a week, all of which went for cherry smashes, salted peanuts and Hershey bars, and many other personal matters kept the table almost boisterous with laughter.

Then she must know about everyone's family; how long everyone had been married, how many children, what ages, everything.

Miss Jennie Loyall spoke up and said at one point that the college was keeping a Soong scrap book.

"Oh, you must scrap it soon," she shot back in flash.

After two hours, she said she must leave; but after she went out she sent back to every guest an exquisite present she had brought from China.

The dinner was the climax of a long day for the Missimo. Her train had stopped at Rivoli shortly after noon, but she remained on it, as it was air-conditioned and the weather outside was sticky and hot, until just thirty minutes before she was due on the chapel platform.

Old College

Driving into the city she came down Vineville avenue where the old white-columned homes stand back from the

street; where the lacy mimosa trees that go to sleep at dusk were strewn with small, pink powder puffs of bloom; where the black-green magnolia trees held aloft like searchlights their big, white blossoms and the crepe myrtles tossed cerise plumes in careless yield from their tips to their heels; and where wooden stalls along the curb were heaped with red and gold peaches, watermelons and cantaloupes.

Soon she was passing along the back campus of the old college, lined with people hoping to catch a glimpse of her. Her almond-shaped eyes darted to that old oak tree around which used to be a platform known to every Wesleyan girl as the Crow's Nest, where the Billy Crows, another small mysterious organization to which May-ling belonged were accustomed to hold its sessions and chew, as its main business, liquorice.

Came Back Home

And then she was turning into the iron gates and she was back home again. Soon she was walking up the causeway and into the chapel, a lovely, breath-taking figure in a white and navy blue crepe silk dress made in the Chinese fashion, high of neck and slim of skirt. Diamond ear rings in her ears, a diamond bracelet on her arm and silver wings at her throat were her only ornaments.

In the simplest fashion she talked to that hushed audience about her sisters as if she were bringing a report of some members of the family to other interested members. And evidently that was the way she intended them to feel for she said in closing, "My sisters and I in China frequently sit down at night and talk about you Georgia friends and we talk about you like you were members of our own family."

And in that spirit she had come back home.

THE WESLEYAN STUDENTS

Wesleyan students of the college year 1942-43 were notified of the possibility of a visit to the college by Madame Chiang about a week in advance, and were told that they might be housed in the college dormitories as far as space was available. Many students returned immediately on receipt of the letter, and waited a week in anticipation of the visit. Students registered for the coming college years were also invited.

Dressed in white, they formed a double line from the main entrance of Wesleyan Conservatory down the walk to the chapel, and up the chapel steps. The academic procession walked between these lines. Faculty, trustees, and students filled the stage back of Madame Chiang during the convocation ceremonies.

Heat Keeps Missimo on Train

By Jane Noland,
Constitution Staff Writer

(From The Atlanta Constitution, June 27, 1943. This story and two three-column pictures appeared on one page of the paper bearing the streamer head, "Madame Chiang's Classmates at Macon Dazzled by Her Charm.")

Lucy McArthur, Wesleyan College piano teacher who remembers with pride Mei-ling Soong's rendition of "The Pixie Parade," got to talk with Madame Chiang Kai-shek this afternoon.

So did Mrs. W. K. Boardman, of Atlanta, who reported that the Missimo remembered her name—"I'll always remember how she said 'Goodbye, Mary' as I left."

Having traveled from all over the state—and from many other states, the classmates of Madame Chiang Kai-shek filed in to see the famous lady as she sat in state in the blue-velvet draped Adelphian room of the old Wesleyan conservatory building, and came out glowing.

"She is wonderful!" they smiled. "So gracious," they beamed. "Just as friendly as always."

Thrilling Audience

Yep, everyone who got to talk to Madame Chiang was pleased—even thrilled—with the lady.

This is the story of one also thrilled but who didn't get to talk to her.

We got to Macon about noon, and rushed into the conservatory building just before the secret service took over the place. Freshly painted and dusted to within an inch of its life, the old building was lovely. A faculty member took us around, showing us exactly where madame would be, and pointing out such bits of information as the age of the building—108 years—and that the former occupants of the suite the lady would use while here were the late Bishop W. N. Ainsworth and his wife.

Flurried alumnae rushed around with their best china and napkins, planning and mentally counting noses like all good housewives, while reports on the progress of the Chiang party filtered in.

"I heard she was late to Atlanta and won't get here at all," one moaned.

"Well, my daughter told me that she heard they'll be here by 1:30."

"The man in the office says 4 P. M."

Train on Time

The lady's daughter was right. The train pulled in promptly at 1:30.

Wesleyan students attending summer school (and many who'd gone home after the winter session finished and returned especially for the occasion) waited in a body, sweltering in the mid-Georgia mid-

day sun like everyone else, despite their white dresses. There was a welcoming committee, and lots of miscellaneous civilians. Cameras were pulled out (every third Wesleyan gal seemed armed with one, and one man was juggling three), and the crowd surged from one end to the other as rumors spread as to exactly which end of the train she would get off. They finally decided on the observation car, and it had been swallowed by the mob when Wesleyan President N. C. McPherson climbed upon the platform, cleared his throat, and announced that, due to the heat, the party would remain in the air-conditioned train until time for the convocation at 3:30 p. m.

Miss Margie Burks and Miss Lucy

Lester, Madame Chiang's tutors during her stay at Wesleyan 30 years ago, went aboard for a visit. Most everyone else started off to find a cool place to wait—Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, who had been going to welcome Madame with a speech and a bouquet, went home to lunch, leaving the flowers with Dr. McPherson for delivery.

We settled down to wait.

Observing Engineer

Conversation with the engineer of the train, R. J. Darden, sped the time. Did he see Madame Chiang?

"Well, I saw her get on the train," he laughed, mopping his brow, "but it's like when I took Mr. Roosevelt to Barnesville. My wife asked me did I see the President, and I said sure, eight cars away."

Miss Burks and Miss Lester came back at this point, reporting Madame Chiang "in very good health and very gay," adding, in amazement, that she had remembered the name of the Negro maid in her dormitory, Mamie Cheney, and inquired about her.

"Imagine, remembering little things



Placing the hood—an exciting moment in the ceremonies

like that," Miss Burks said. She also revealed that though she and Miss Lester had given little Mei-ling Soong most of her instruction during her four-year stay in Macon, the girl had taken regular college French.

It was 3:30 by then, and the crowd—somewhat thinner—was reassembled. Madame stepped out of the train, paused briefly, blinking at flash bulbs as the press contingent went wild, and stepped into her car.

Lovely Vision

That was the first time I saw her—she was lovely, in a blue and white print dress, and a dark blue veil over her hair.

The next time I saw her was as she came out of the back entrance to Pierce Chapel before "greeting the populace," as one alumna expressed it, with dignity.

During the interim, while Madame Chiang was receiving a degree and making a speech which sounded good from the snatches I heard over the amplifier as I raced around, I was dodging ushers, who pointed out that the FBI wouldn't allow no one in this area and that. Dodging a music teacher whose practice room I all unknowingly had borrowed to use as headquarters, and dodging the FBI.

But I didn't know what dodging meant. After the speech was over and the halls (it took several of them with amplifiers to handle the overflow crowds) were cleared for Madame Chiang's private reception, I learned to be a good dodger indeed.

"Macon Weather"

As Madame Chiang whisked across the back balcony and down a hall to a front balcony to wave at the crowd, I got close enough, despite the combined efforts of some 25 people, to hear her say, as she shed her hot black cap and gown: "This is real Macon weather."

As she paused momentarily in the high-ceilinged hallway: "It's nice and cool in here."

As she patted her three small Chinese children on the head: "Aren't they dear!"

Despite what everyone else says, I think her accent is more English than Southern. Whatever it is, it's lovely.

But to go back to the dodging.

Policemen, county detectives, city detectives and perspiring state patrolmen were shouting: "Clear the hallways." I cleared, into a mob of alumnae being herded behind a rope to await their turn at seeing the Madame by an efficient alumna secretary. Stayed there hopefully for a while, until I discovered that only those with little pink cards were getting through and my card, unfortunately, was white, marked PRESS.

Invited to Leave

Mumbling to the alumnae secretary

that the FBI had given me permission to go in, I started down a hall and ran into two policemen whom I informed that the alumnae secretary had given me express permission. This worked until I hit another pink-card-only barrier, and was told, politely but firmly, to leave.

Then I ran into two former Flying Tigers who had met Madame Chiang often in China, and were also hoping to get to see her. Their names were Major E. F. Rector and Major G. B. McMillan, and they were sympathetic. (They also were lucky—got to see her.)

Then I tried another parlor, with more success, I first thought. There sat a Chinese lady scribbling on a piece of paper. A Chinese newspaper woman, maybe. Maybe she'd understand how I felt about going 100 miles to not get a story.

Couldn't Help

She was nice. Her name was Pearl Chen, it turned out, and she was one of Madame Chiang's secretaries. The scribbling?—transcribing shorthand notes she had taken of Madame's extemporaneous speech. But she, it seems, couldn't help me, I'd have to see Dr. Kung, who was at the moment disappearing up some near-by steps.

Hot on his trail, I scrambled up and after him, finally cornered him in a second-floor telephone booth (I had tangled with two secret service men on the way and was late, darn it), where he was frantically trying to put in a call to New York, and was "very sorry, but you'll have to see the FBI."

I went back down again, and to dodging again—this time into a closet while some officials went by—I almost made it. I got right up to the door of the Adelphian room, but the lack of a pink card again kept me out.

Then I went back, picked up a pink card off the floor, and tried again, but the FBI recognized me.

Watched

And so he compromised, this particular FBI man. He let me stand by the door and watch.

And watch I did—like a kid with his nose glued to the pane of a candy store, while happy classmates of Madame Chiang went in nervously, came out beaming, until Madame finally retired for a rest and the last classmate left.

Talking to Dr. McPherson, though, made me feel better. As we sipped leftover tea and chatted, he confided that though he had gone all the way to Atlanta to officially escort Madame Chiang to Macon, had stood up and delivered the invitation speech at the Atlanta breakfast, he didn't get to meet the lady until she got to Macon. The Governor had forgotten to introduce him!

THE ALUMNAE PREPARE FOR AN HONOR GUEST

Wesleyan alumnae believed firmly, in spite of many rumors to the contrary, that Madame Chiang would visit this college before her return to China. Consequently, they went ahead with plans and preparations for her visit although no definite word came from headquarters until shortly before Madame arrived.

"Some people said you were not coming, Mayling," said Mrs. Ainsworth when she joined the special train at Rivoli shortly before the Convocation.

"Why, Mrs. Ainsworth, I have never had any other intention!" Madame Chiang answered. "I would not have gone home without seeing Wesleyan again."

Setting up temporary headquarters a week before June 26, the alumnae worked frantically on letters announcing the visit, plans for distribution of tickets, etc. Linda (Anderson) Lane, Annie (Gantt) Anderson, Alice (Burden) Domingos, and various other members of the college and conservatory staffs could have been found in the office almost any hour of the day or night, and they were joined by other alumnae who were eager to help.

On Saturday morning, about two hours before Madame Chiang's party arrived, it was suggested that just possibly the distinguished guest might want to have dinner at the Conservatory and invite some of her special friends—although she might, of course, be too tired after the long trip and the heat and the convocation. Just in case, however, alumnae prepared dinner for guests (anywhere from eight to fifteen or twenty and as many secret service men who were always within sight of the distinguished guest). And that occasion, as it happened, turned out to be one of the most enjoyable evenings Madame Chiang had had since she was little Mayling Soong.

THE FLOWERS FOR THE OCCASION

One alumna wrote shortly after the convocation: "No private home was ever more beautiful than the old college was that day, and I know it took many loving hands to make those gorgeous flower arrangements that added the final charming touch."

Octavia (Burden) Stewart was in charge of this committee. Used throughout the buildings were flowers native to this section, handsome magnolias, pink and blue hydrangeas, Crinum lilies, and white peonies. The peonies are favorite flowers with the Chinese, and it was a beautiful bouquet of peonies which Madame Chiang selected to take to the cemetery and place on the graves of two Wesleyan presidents she loved.

Madame Plays Her Old Game

(From The Macon Telegraph and News
June 27—front page)

May-ling, the little girl in pig-tails had grown into Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the woman, yesterday when she came back to Wesleyan; but it was her favorite childhood game that the Madame played all afternoon with more than a thousand Wesleyan alumnae and students; the game of hide and seek.

Of course the alumnae won, since they outnumbered the Missimo 1,200 to one. And not a single entrance or exit that she made went unobserved. Some of the group attended the exclusive dinner; others managed the secret tea; almost all had auditorium seats for the convocation appearance. But not without a struggle.

And either consciously or unconsciously, the saucy, mischievous First Lady of China added interest to their game. They could never be quite sure which of the 12 or 14 entrances of the old building she would choose for her next appearance. They didn't know what part of the building she would like to see. They didn't know when she would leave.

No Trouble Too Great

But the oldest and youngest alumnae were agreed on one point: For a glimpse of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, any amount of trouble was not too great.

Nor was there any shortage of troubles in the alumnae ranks. The most respectable looking graduate of 1903 would find herself helpless before the M.P.'s if she had forgotten her pink or white admission ticket.

Mrs. W. K. Boardman of Atlanta, after making a last-minute dash for Macon on late notice of the big affair, had only a circular letter to help her into the inner circle. Finally, a bare 30 minutes before the Madame's arrival she made the grade. And she explained inside that her sister, Harriet Robeson, had been pictured many times with May-ling, and that if they hadn't let her in, she'd "just have been desperate, that's all!"

They Got Him

Another guest, invited by the college, was able to get no closer to the grounds than Georgia avenue, and finally sent word that he had made it that far, and if they wanted him any closer they would have to come get him. Which they did.

M.P. protection also nearly prevented Madame Chiang from having to wear a hot black academic robe, as the messenger going into the grounds with this robe was among those who were held up for identification.

Miss Lamar Sparks, after making three circuits of the main building in an effort to find just one entrance open to her, finally commented: "If it was anybody but May-ling, I would stop trying." Since it was the Madame, Miss Sparks kept on, and was rewarded by a seat in the dining hall of the main building and a sight of the Missimo as well.

Saddest of the stories of thwarted women was that of Mrs. I. L. Domingos of Macon, alumna and loyal supporter of the college. Mrs. Domingos helped with arrangements, went to the convocation, and then returned home and lay down to rest, thinking everything was over.

It Wasn't Over

But it wasn't for the Madame was at that very moment giving a tea for a select group of friends. And Mrs. Domingos without knowing it had a special pass admitting her as a guest at this tea.

Someone telephoned her to hurry back. So she gave up her nap and hurried. The only thing was that by the time she got there, the tea was over and the Madame was taking a nap herself.

Fact that the alumnae grapevine was working was shown by information passed from one building to another before the First Lady's arrival. Just about the time she was due, an uproar of applause sounded in the chapel. Everyone rushed to windows and stretched for a look; but a kindly alumna across the gap

called, "Don't bother. It isn't the Madame yet. It's some Chinese soldiers."

They Waited Long

This group, attending as a body, had waited long and eagerly for a single look at the Missimo. They were Hom Wee Yen, Chong M. Yet, Lin Och Gee, Bo Yee, Yup Git, Lung Lee, Youi Quong, Fook Wong, Gong Wong, and Francis L. Dott. After ceremonies were over, they lined up just as eagerly for a farewell glimpse. And above, the Madame had outmaneuvered them as well as her alumnae, for the Madame had gone to sleep, while her secret service men stood patient guard.

Dr. W. F. Quillian, former Wesleyan president, made the trip down from New York to be present yesterday. And he, perhaps, had the best comment for all of the alumnae who couldn't attend. "My wife visited in the home of May-ling's sister," he said. "She gave her graduation recital with E-ling. And even if she couldn't be here today, Mrs. Quillian knew this ceremony was taking place is a great thing. And for a great woman."

MADAME CHIANG SAW BOTH CAMPUSES OF WESLEYAN

Although she did not get off the train at 1:30 when it arrived at Rivoli, Madame Chiang did drive through the college campus on her way to the conservatory for the exercises. At the entrance to Porter Building, she expressed a desire to get out of the car and take a brief look inside. She admired the Porter Room, the Anderson Dining Room, the Burden Parlor, and the Students' Lounge recently redecorated by the college girls.



Mrs. Ainsworth is sympathetic as Madame Chiang thinks of her absent sisters

Old Friends and Madame Go on a Lark

By Alice Price

(From The Macon Telegraph, June 27, front page. Alice Price is a Wesleyan graduate of 1940, and is now a reporter with The Macon Telegraph.)

Secret service men followed helplessly last night as Madame Chiang Kai-shek went on a lark here that included all Macon, strawberry ice cream sodas and fried chicken eaten with the fingers.

Not only that, but the Madame went contrary to all the schedules and plans so carefully laid out for her at headquarters, and spent the entire night in this city, snug within her own private sleeping car.

Yesterday afternoon the Missimo had behaved pretty much according to pattern. She received three degrees. She made a speech and a brief appearance afterward. She was honor guest at a tea.

But the evening spent by China's first lady was a different matter.

She yielded to doctor's orders so far as to take a brief nap following the alumna tea. But after the nap May-ling was ready for action. Only her closest childhood friends were left at the Conservatory with her, and she came out of her room announcing to them,

"I Want Ice Cream"

"I want a strawberry ice cream soda!" That wasn't all she wanted; she wanted the soda at the College Hill pharm where she used to get all kinds of indigestible food as a girl. And she wanted to see Macon.

So the party started on a tour. It was a real get-together of the inner circle; Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth with whom she had lived; Miss Margie Burks and Miss Lucy Lester who had tutored her; Mrs. Charles Hinton; and the Madame herself.

Of course the secret service men were along too, and a couple of motorcycle cops; but they didn't count, the real bodyguard was strictly feminine.

May-ling furnished the automobile, and she had also promised to treat the party to the strawberry ice cream sodas at the pharm. But just before the car stopped there, the Missimo let out a squeal.

Madame Was Broke

"You know, I haven't got a penny with me," she wailed. "Miss Margie, you'll have to pay for them!" Which Miss Margie did. Only they weren't exactly strawberry sodas. May-ling had insisted on getting out of the car and finally led her whole crew including the faithful secret service men, into the pharm where she and her feminine comrades perched neatly on high-legged counter stools.

She ordered strawberry ice cream sodas

from the pop-eyed little soda boy, and was all for adding potato chips and peanuts to the menu, until someone reminded her there was fried chicken for dinner just a little later.

She changed the order then to sodas only. And she approved sherbet instead of ice cream when she found there wasn't any cream because of the war. "Cherries though," the Madame insisted. "I do love cherries." And the soda jerker, already overwhelmed at the honor of serving so great a personage as the Missimo, poured in a fistful of them.

After the sky-larking party of five had finished their bright pink drinks, they climbed down from their stools and collected the secret service men from a nearby table, and started on the next stage. But not until May-ling had invested in cartoon postcards from the stock on the corner counter.

Couldn't Understand It

By this time the service men were open-mouthed. "I've been with the Madame for three months now, and this is the first time I've seen her like this," one of them commented.

Had he known it, May-ling was only beginning her evening. Next on the program came a tour of downtown Macon, by Dannenberg's, Burden, Smith & Co., and the Union, which she remembered; up the length of Cherry street where some Maconites recognized her and waved or yelled greeting; up Broadway; and then into the new territory of Shirley Hills.

All this time the Missimo was reviewing old acquaintances, college gossip of 20 years ago, and all the things she used to do as a child.

"Is Mercer still up on the hill?" she asked. And when assured that it was still there, she questioned with a smile, "Do the Mercer boys still like the Wesleyan girls?"

Back in the Conservatory after the ride, Madame Chiang still found a lot to remember. "Those fig bushes on the back campus," she said, "I haven't forgotten those. They are the same ones we used to play under and climb when I was a child." The candy kitchen in the basement was another spot that touched quick memory.

All on the Move

In fact she kept her secret service men on the move, covering childhood haunts they couldn't understand. But

evidently they liked to see the Madame happy, for one of the colored Conservatory servants reported: "Yes, ma'am, they was there, but they was grinnin'."

Dinner at the Conservatory was another thing that had not been on the official program for China's first lady on her Macon visit. But she had it just the same. In Dean Annabel Horn's private dining room with the members of her own pet Wesleyan club, the Esse Quam Videris as dinner companions.

Outside in the hall, with an open door between so they could keep wary eyes on their charge, the secret service men also had chicken dinner.

How they ate it, no one reported. But the Madame handled hers in the good old Southern way. "Goody, chicken!" she said when the maid brought it in. And then, taking the privilege of guest of honor, she added, "I'm going to eat mine with my fingers, how about you?" After she had finished, she ordered hand-washing all around, and considered the work complete.

This stolen feast was the Madame's last outburst of the evening. It had been a nice, a very nice occasion, she told her friends. And then, with a last smile backward she allowed herself to be hauled off by the secret service men and the police, back to her railroad car. But not until she had an understanding with them that she was to spend the night in Macon. It meant a shake-up in plans, but this was one evening the Madame was having her way.

600 Officers Guard Safety Of Homecoming

By Beryl Sellers

(From The Macon Telegraph and News, June 27)

(General Walter Harris, Wesleyan Trustee, was chairman of Police Protection for Madame.)

Some 300 military police from Macon's four Army camps, almost all of the city police force, and state patrolmen from Atlanta "stood by" yesterday at Wesleyan Conservatory and over the city of Macon to maintain order for the appearance of China's first lady.

Military and city officials, after the occasion, termed the affair as one of the most well-conducted and well-planned affairs ever to be staged for such a celebrity.

Officers said they had no trouble with the large crowd gathered along College Street at the front entrance of the Conservatory. No traffic jams or other disturbances were reported.

Highways Were Closed

All state highways leading into Macon

were closed, and the Atlanta road was policed as far north as Griffin. Motorists used side roads as entrances into Macon..

In Macon proper, city police closed the Conservatory area to traffic yesterday morning. No cars were permitted to come any closer to the Conservatory than New street on the east. In the western section officers detoured traffic at intersection of Vineville and Washington avenues. Washington and Georgia avenues were policed at every street

to prevent any traffic in the Conservatory area.

In the Conservatory block approximately 300 military policemen from Robins Field detachment kept crowds away from the buildings. MP's were stationed ten feet apart around the block. At the front entrance two rows of MP's watched the grounds and crowd.

The main entrance to the Conservatory auditorium was guarded by members of the military police detachment from Camp Wheeler.

Social Sidelights

By Blythe McKay

(From The Macon Telegraph, June 27. Blythe McKay, a Wesleyan alumna of the class of 1926, is Society Editor of The Macon Telegraph.)

Oh, happy day!

Like commencement, a mass-class reunion, a patriotic rally and old home week all tossed in together, and hot as a Fourth of July picnic and lots more exciting . . . that was the convocation at Wesleyan yesterday afternoon for China's Madame Chiang Kai-shek, for Wesleyan's Mayling Soong.

Alumnae back in the old halls fell on each other's necks and held reunions in the midst of the holiday-air crowds. Former President W. F. Quillian, back from New York and explaining that Mrs. Quillian couldn't come because she isn't well, she had a slight fall recently . . . Oldest of the 6,000 Wesleyan alumnae were there, and the newest of them who just graduated a few weeks ago . . . some live here but don't get out often any more, some came from nearby towns, some came from far places. But they came.

Every Wesleyan alumna feeling a misty-eyed pride in their sister, beamed proudly at the sight of May-ling Soong Chiang and the old college seemed to beam too, it was so shined-up for the occasion, from the freshly-painted main steps with their white canvas stacked over them to the last corner of a window pane. The rain that has been spotting the last few days held off all afternoon and the sun beamed too. Fans flicked back and forth in the auditorium, including the one Madame Chiang fluttered in her white-gloved hand as she walked onto the stage with Wesleyan's president, Dr. N. C. McPherson.

As she sat on that stage and looked out into the crowded auditorium she must have thought of the days when she had sat as a part of the student body in that chapel and looked toward the stage to hear chapel talks from the faculty and visitors . . . And then when she spoke "from her heart" she mentioned that . . . Generously, most of her talk was of what her sisters have done and are doing for China, she said little of herself. . . . After Dean S. L. Akers and Dr. McPherson had presented her the degrees for herself and for her two sisters, she blinked away tears as she sat down again beside Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth who had hooded her. Mrs. Ainsworth, not as tall as Madame Chiang had to stand on tiptoe to slip the hood over her head.

Scholarships Honoring The Three Sisters

The Mayling Soong Chiang Scholarship honoring Madame Chiang will be given each year by the Methodist Laymen of the South Georgia Conference. It is to be awarded to some Chinese girl selected by Madame Chiang, and will provide all expenses for the girl at Wesleyan.

The Methodist laymen, under the leadership of Mr. W. A. Blasingame of Moultrie, Ga., are now raising a \$16,000 endowment, the income of which will make possible this scholarship.

The Eling Soong Kung Scholarship

honoring the eldest of the three sisters is given for the coming college year by Annie (Turner) Hightower, a Wesleyan classmate of Eling Soong, and her husband, William Harrison Hightower of Thomaston. It will provide full tuition and board (\$680) for a student at Wesleyan.

The Chungling Soong Sun Scholarship honoring the middle sister is given for the coming college year by her classmates, the class of 1913. It will provide full tuition and board for a Wesleyan girl for 1943-44.

Gifts From The Sisters

As a gift from her sisters and herself Madame Chiang presented to Dr. McPherson for the college six beautiful pieces of Chinese embroidery, done in rich colors on white silk. Two of these, 45 inches wide by 28 inches high, may well be symbolic of the friendship of the two nations. On one is the American eagle, and on the other the phoenix, a mythical bird often used in Chinese art. It was fabled to live for 500 years, to be consumed in fire by its own act, and to rise in youthful freshness from its own ashes. Hence, it is the symbol of immortality.

Nettie Peacock (A. B. Wesleyan, 1902) and her friends Miss Chapman, returned missionaries from China, tell us that the four other pieces represent the four seasons. They are 17 inches wide and 58 inches high, and picture beautiful flowers and birds appropriate to each season. In the "Spring" panel there are roses; in "Summer", peonies; in "Fall", chrysanthemums and fall leaves and berries; in "Winter", two white cranes among dark trees.

An Alumnae committee was appointed to select frames for the gifts and to decide where they shall be placed.

Mayling Soong Chiang 蔣宋美齡 China

Madame Chiang signed her name this way in the guest book on her recent visit to Wesleyan. You will often find it written differently, and this is because of a difference in Chinese dialects, or in the opinions of various authorities as to how it should be transcribed from the Chinese into English. This is not the only "correct" way!

Madame Chiang wore, before it was covered with the academic robe, a sleeveless Chinese gown of black and white print and the short white gloves, white pumps with bows on the toes and a bow of black tulle across the back of her hair, that poked out from under the mortar board after it was donned. Just before she rose to make her talk, the Missimo pulled out a compact and flicked a powder puff across her nose.

It was a proud day for Wesleyan and one that went smoothly, for all the great crowds and the importance of the central figure and the clamoring of those who wanted, please, to get a chance to speak to her.

Glimpsed—

Gen. A. R. Emery out after a long illness, right down in the front of the audience and being warmly greeted on all sides.

Miss Lila May Chapman of Birmingham, former trustee . . .

Prof. and Mrs. I. E. McKellar who recently moved to Tennille when Professor McKellar, long a Latin teacher at the college, returned to the ministry . . .

Hebe Casson, Navy lieutenant home on leave, driving the first car in the procession that brought Madame Chiang in from Rivoli for the convocation . . .

Mrs. Joseph Stilwell, Jr., whose husband and father-in-law, Col. and Gen. Joe Stilwell know the Chiangs well in China, trying to get a chance to speak to Madame Chiang. A pretty blonde, Mrs. Stilwell was in dark brown linen with white embroidery on the collar and a perky brown straw hat, an orchid on her shoulder. She was with her cousin, Mrs. Archie Drake.

The audience cheering the Chinese soldiers as they came in . . .

Tears in some alumnae eyes as the ceremony was concluded with the alma mater . . . they and Madame Chiang singing, "Upholding thine ideals, thy daughters shall be true, faithful and loyal, dear Wesleyan, to thee."

Flowers for May-ling

Loads of people, finding out one of the secrets in connection with Madame Chiang's arrival yesterday, drove out to Rivoli to be at the little station across the road from the Wesleyan College that is new since the Soongs' school days there. They thought the special train bearing the distinguished guest and her retinue would arrive at 12:30 so there they were, others thought the train would arrive at 1 p. m., so they got there then. They all stood or sat in their cars in the blistering sun and waited hopefully for the train and a glimpse of Madame Chiang. A line of cars was ready to bring Madame Chiang into town.

Eventually the train came about 1:45 and they all moved closer to see Madame Chiang descend.

On the edge of the little station's platform waited Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, lovely in a lavender and white flowered dress with a little purple and lavender hat made of violets (her favorite color, and also Wesleyan's colors) her arms filled with yellow flowers. She was waiting to present the enormous bouquet (inspected by the secret service as all flowers for the Missimo had to be) to the Missimo, waiting patiently in the noodday heat while at her home guests assembled for a luncheon she was giving for two Flying Tigers whom Madame Chiang had decorated in China. A general, colonels and their wives and the Flying Tigers gathered at her house while she waited at the station. Mrs. Carter Collins, called in, played substitute hostess for Mrs. Lamar as the guests arrived and as the luncheon started.

Back at the station, Dr. N. C. McPherson, Wesleyan president, who'd come down from Atlanta on the special train, finally appeared on a platform and announced that all the crowd might as well go on home out of the heat, that Madame Chiang would remain within the air-conditioned train until time to attend the exercises.

With her characteristic good humor, Mrs. Lamar shrugged, tossed the great bunch of flowers into Dr. McPherson's arms, with "Well, you give 'em to her" and went home to her luncheon where the general, fliers and colonels and their ladies were practically through the chicken course.

Fan Note

Everybody else followed Mrs. Lamar's example and came on back to town. However, three friends of the Missimo's were admitted to the train to see her. Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, Miss Margie Burks and Miss Lucy Lester. The last two are on the Florida State College for Women faculty now, used to be on the Wesleyan faculty in the Soong days and Miss Burks was May-ling's tutor before she attended regular classes at the college.

Electricians were busy yesterday assuring coolth for the Missimo, hooking up dozens and dozens of fans all over the place. By noon they had about 50 ready to whirl and others still poured in.

Loyal alumnae trudged to the conservatory all morning lugging their electric fans. Electricians plugged them in every available spot, particularly in the apartment set aside for Madame Chiang. Come noon and bank-closing time, they got those great big blowers from the banks to install. Breezes were stirred up all over the place from the auditorium in the

chapel where the exercises took place to the basement practice rooms where many of the guests were seated beside loudspeakers, to hear the talk and then to see her when she made a tour of the building stopping in the doorway of each of the crowded rooms.

Actor Alumna

Wesleyan alumnae certainly do get into everything and when they get into a field they clamber quickly to the higher points. . . . A lot of those were here yesterday, business women, teachers, authors and such. . . . Among them Eugenia Rawls, who's been down in Dublin visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Benjamin Rawls, and came up to attend the convocation. . . . She's visiting Mary Lou Barton. Eugenia played Tallulah Bankhead's daughter in *The Little Foxes*, played a big part in *The Children's Hour*, played briefly in *Erskine Caldwell's Journeyman* and has been in other Broadway productions . . . after being trained at Wesleyan and the University of North Carolina.

Given Jade Ring

One more person who was particularly interested in Madame Chiang's visit here yesterday was Miss Lella Clark, who has always felt a deep interest in and affection for the Soong girls ever since she taught E-Ling (Madame Kung) who was the first one to come to Wesleyan.

Miss Lella was the first English teacher E-ling had in the States, teaching her in the preparatory department of Wesleyan. During that time the young Chinese girl came to the Clark's home almost every Sunday for dinner.

Some years later when as Madame Kung, E-ling came back to the United States for a visit in Macon at the homes of the Clarks and of Mrs. DuPont Guerrey, college when E-ling was a student there.

E-ling gave a tea during that visit for her friends, and before it she called Miss Lella to her room and gave her a handsome jade ring and three gorgeous pieces of embroidery.

ENGLISH AND MATHEMATICS TEACHERS SEE MADAME CHIANG

Among the former teachers who were present for the convocation ceremonies on Saturday, June 26, were Newell Mason, (A. B. Wesleyan 1908) who tutored the young Mayling Soong in mathematics years ago, and Margaret (Hall) Hazard (A. B. Wesleyan 1901), former teacher of English at the college, who has returned to Macon after living for many years in Newark, N. J.

Miss Mason described Mayling Soong in an article in *The Macon Telegraph* of June 26 as "the most brilliant student I have ever taught."

More Social Sidelights

By Blythe McKay

(From The Macon Telegraph,
June 29, 1943)

Or wouldn't it be better to change the name to Convocation Chatter—or Soong Sidelights . . .

Anyway—

Wesleyan wants everybody to know that what was called "the alumnae tea" after the talk Madame Chiang Kai-shek made in the chapel when she received an honorary degree Saturday afternoon, was not. It was not alumnae and it was not tea.

What it was, was a chance for the Misses to see a few people she asked particularly to see. In the beginning, when plans were being carefully laid, most of them to be switched a dozen times and few of them to go through in original form for dozens of reasons, Wesleyan had hoped to have a tea after the convocation to allow her classmates a chance to speak to the honor guest.

But then Wesleyan was told that Madame would not receive anyone, so that was off. Later those who travel with her to look after her safety and health, decided that she could just sit in the Adelpian parlor and receive a few people, only one or two at a time. But it was impromptu, completely unplanned and those admitted were just those that the Madame thought of and asked to speak to and ones she had known for a long time. Never were more than 10 persons allowed in the room at a time and then, though she was gracious and charming, those who guard her health insisted that even that much be stopped and that she must rest . . . long before all those who were lined up to see her could get in. For instance even Dr. W. F. Quillian, former Wesleyan president, who had come all the way from New York to greet her and who has known her family well, didn't get to speak to her. Disappointed, he was quite understanding about it, and said he was just there, "at the wrong time."

So though some friends did get a chance to speak, others just as close, didn't and it wasn't anybody's fault, it was just a mix-up and practically a comedy of errors there at the last minute. Some of those who did get a chance to speak to China's first, and surely her most charming, lady were these:

Mrs. DuPont Guerry, wife of the late President Guerry of Wesleyan, and her daughters, Mrs. W. O. Kinney, and Mrs. Davenport Guerry with her.

Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, who brought in



Just after her appearance before the crowd assembled in front of Wesleyan

(With her is Dr. McPherson. Back of them, Miss Lucy Lester, Rosamond Kung (daughter of Eling Soong Kung), Miss Margie Burks, and a member of the Secret Service.)

her granddaughters, Eloise (Mrs. Reginald Gray) and Mary Ainsworth and the latter's mother, Mrs. William Ainsworth of Atlanta. . . .

Dr. Goodrich White, president of Emory University, whose one year on the Wesleyan faculty happened to be the one year that May-ling Soong was a real Wesleyan student, and who is the son of Mrs. Florrie White, who at that time and for many years afterwards was house mother at Wesleyan.

Mrs. J. C. Anderson, classmate of Chung-ling Soong and president of the Macon Alumnae Association.

Mrs. Stewart Colley of Grantville, close friend of May-ling at Wesleyan . . . It was she who was to room with May-ling if she had come back to Wesleyan one more year. In the time she was here she always roomed with her older sisters, but after their graduation she planned to room with this friend. Instead she went to Wellesley the next year.

Mrs. Joseph Stilwell, Jr., whose husband, Colonel Stilwell, Madame Chiang had seen in China since Mrs. Stilwell has seen him, and who sent messages back to him by the Madame.

Mrs. Walter D. Lamar and the two Flying Tigers who were here for the occasion, sent to represent Col. Robert Scott,

and men who who had been decorated by Madame Chiang in China. With them was Col. Scott's mother, Mrs. R. L. Scott. She rose when they entered and said, "My boys." (They had flown here from Florida for the event and remained overnight as Mrs. Lamar's guests, getting in accidentally, but to the host's delight on a little party at the Emmett McKenzies' late Saturday afternoon, then having dinner at Fay's and going to the club with Julia Roberts and Elizabeth Adams and winding up the trip with a visit to Colonel Scott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Scott, before they flew away again Sunday morning.)

Dr. J. W. W. Daniel, who was a bachelor professor May-ling loved to tease at Wesleyan . . .

Mrs. Reuben Torrey, who came from Wheaton, Ill., for the occasion, in fact, who came a week ago, and who spent the week with her sister, Mrs. Broadus Willingham. Mrs. Torrey, the former Jeanette Mallory, and Madame Chiang's sister, E-ling (Madame Kung) were close friends when E-ling first came to Macon and renewed that friendship when Mrs. Torrey went to the mission fields of China some years later. In fact, Madame Kung and Mrs. Torrey each named one of their daughters for the other,

E-ling naming her daughter, Jeanette, and Mrs. Torrey naming hers an English equivalent of E-ling, Edith Claire, and calling her by a pet Chinese name most of the time. Mrs. Torrey was disappointed that Jeanette Kung, who has been travel-

ing here with her aunt, Madame Chiang, didn't come to Macon with her, but she saw her namesake's sister and brother as well as Madame Chiang.

So you see it wasn't alumnae and there were no refreshments, so it wasn't tea.

Big Day For Tiny Jungs

By Mary Waller

(From The Macon Telegraph and News, June 27)

Four little black-eyed Jungs, Mary, 12; Virginia, 9; John, 6; and George, 4, trudged back Saturday to their father's laundry, after one of the biggest days of their lives.

They could boast, and did, of having come in intimate contact with the lovely first lady of China, whom they had walked so far and stood so long in the hot sun to see.

Of course John and George were a little young to know what all the excitement was about. They ogled at the MP's,

were deeply impressed by the siren which heralded Madame Chiang Kai-shek's approach at Wesleyan, and stared back at the children who stared at the four little hand-in-hand Chinese.

Not a Dull Moment

It was anything but a dull day for the two blue-suited, freshly scrubbed boys. But it was a different kind of day to Mary and Virginia. From the microphone came the voice of their idol. Unseen, as yet, they listened reverently, trim in their fresh gay prints. Even the curious stares

of children, and the friendly interest of grown-ups who moved aside that they might see one of the great of China, did not disturb them.

The peered through the ranks of people who watched from across the street, all waiting to see the former May-ling as she came out of the building following the awarding of the degrees. Mary held tightly to her charge, John, while Virginia did her best to keep the airplane-conscious George under control.

Just a glimpse of China's great lady was all they asked for. And then a summer-Santa Claus appeared. "Would you like to see her?" asked the man. The two little girls could only nod, but they nodded so heartily that the pink flowers in their hair shook.

They Got Inside

They followed the man into the auditorium. Mary, first, as the head of the house, Virginia, next, breathless in excitement, then John, by now a bit weary of it all. And last, but never least, George, who bounded up the steps with an energy unbelievable in one who had waited so long. George, however, wanted to see the big MP.

Now, finally, was the moment of moments. The Great Lady would come through this little hall where the man had told them to stand. In cap and gown, having just received her degree, the one they had been waiting for did pass by, and the four little Jungs were rewarded by a beautiful Chinese smile. Close enough to touch she came, and even George was at last impressed.

Yes, it was a big day for the four little Jungs.

NEWSPAPERS

The press did a magnificent job of handling the publicity for Madame Chiang's visit to Wesleyan. The Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service had reporters and photographers on hand, and the college has received clippings from all over the nation about the occasion.

The Georgia papers and church periodicals were especially generous with space, pictures, streamer headlines, feature articles. Miss Rebecca Franklin of the Atlanta Journal, assigned to cover the event for her paper, spent three days on the campus, much of this time getting background material about the college and personalities associated with Madame Chiang's years at Wesleyan to give her stories accuracy.

Many newspaperwomen in the state are Wesleyan alumnae, and had an especial interest in the occasion for this reason: Blythe McKay and Alice Price of The Macon Telegraph, Emtelle (Mason) Clis-



Virginia, Mary, George and John Jung, children of Macon's Chinese family

by of The Macon News, Louise (Mackay) Carlton and Rita (Santry) McGill of The Atlanta Journal, Annie Lou Hardy of The Atlanta Constitution.

The Rev. Charles Britton of Macon was the very efficient chairman of the Press, and handled all arrangements for newspaper reporters and photographers in accordance with regulations of the Secret Service.

RADIO

The Columbia network carried a broadcast of Madame Chiang's speech and much of the rest of the program.

Macon radio stations WMAZ and WBML carried very full accounts of the day. WMAZ made recordings of the program, one as a gift to Madame Chiang and her sisters, to be sent to Chungking, and one for Wesleyan College.

MOVIES

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Rozar of Macon made for Wesleyan moving pictures of Madame Chiang's visit.

Mr. Rozar is the son of Laura (Whitehurst) Rozar of Milledgeville, A. B. 1881, and the brother of Nanette Rozar, Wesleyan official.

MADAME CHIANG ON WAY TO CHINA

NATAL, BRAZIL, June 30. (UP)—Madame Chiang Kai-shek arrived at Natal Tuesday en route to China after nearly eight months in the United States.

Madame Chiang's departure from the United States was kept secret. Last Saturday she visited Wesleyan College at Macon, Georgia, where she once attended school. She went to the United States last November for treatment of after-effects of auto accident injuries.

It was understood that Madame Chiang would go directly to China, although she had been invited to stop over in England.

MISSIMO WAS ALMOST CAPTURED BY JAPS ON TRIP TO CHUNGKING

(From The Macon Telegraph and News, July 11, 1943)

CHUNGKING, July 10. (INS)—Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the leader of China's armed forces, revealed at a news conference today that while flying home over Japanese-occupied Burma from her visit to America she and her party were nearly captured by the enemy.

While disclosing no details of the near-catastrophe, Madame Chiang said they had undergone a narrow escape which nearly "made us guests of the Japanese imperial government."

She praised highly the American crew of the plane which flew her back to China in record time and thanked the

physicians and nurses who took care of her during her journey, during which she was ill most of the time.

Told of the Allied invasion of Sicily, she declared, "that's all to the good. The more landings the better—and the shorter the war will be."

It was her first conference with correspondents since her return. She described in enthusiastic terms American sympathy for and friendship with China, and declared:

"Even the isolationists don't wish to isolate China, while the American people want China to get what she needs as an equal partner fighting for a common cause."

Madame Chiang returned to Chung-

king on Sunday, July 4, just a few days before China was to observe the anniversary of her sixth year of war against the Japanese. Her arrival in the war-torn Chinese capital was kept so secret not even the generalissimo knew of it and had to be informed by telephone to come to the airport and meet her.

Generalissimo Honored By America

(From The New York Times, July 8)

Lieut. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, commander of the United States forces in India, China, and Burma, today conferred the new American order of the Legion of Merit in the degree of Chief Commander on Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

The Alumnae Loyalty Fund

by Annie (Turner) Hightower, 1909.

The Pauline Logan Findlay Scholarship (\$100.00), given in her memory by her friend, Margaret McEvoy, A.B. 1880.

The Sidney Lanier Scholarship (\$100.00), given in memory of the Macon poet by Dorothy (Blount) Lamar, A.B. 1993.

The Leila Davis Copelan Scholarship (\$100.00), given in her memory by her daughter, Mary (Copelan) Evans, A.B. 1905.

The Dickerson Moore Scholarship (\$100.00), given in memory of the Rev. Dickerson Moore by his granddaughter, Marian (Cook) Murphy, A.B. 1918.

The Sallie Tate Williams Scholarship (\$100.00), given in her memory by her sister, Florence Tate, A.B. 1891.

The Joseph Maerz Music Scholarship (\$100.00), given in honor of Joseph Maerz, music director of Wesleyan Conservatory, by Ves Parker, A.B. 1912.

The Charles Rush Jenkins Scholarship (\$100.00), given in memory of the late President Jenkins of Wesleyan by Ruth (Houser) Garrett, A. B. 1918.

The Phi Delta Phi Scholarship (\$100.00), given for the second time this year by members of the Phi Delta Phi Honor Society of Wesleyan.

The following scholarships of \$100.00 each have been named for their donors:

The Sallie B. Comer Lathrop Scholarship.

The Octavia Burden Stewart Scholarship.

The Marion Luse Chenery Scholarship.
The Nora B. Huffman Scholarship.

Other special scholarships include:

\$125.00, given by Evelyn (Wright) Banks, A.B. 1914, and included in the 1913 class scholarship honoring Chungling (Soong) Sun, friend of the donor.

Two scholarships of \$100.00 each, whose donors do not wish their names announced.

The Loyalty Fund has exceeded the goal we set for ourselves last fall! The total today, representing the gifts of almost 1,000 alumnae, is \$8,002.14.

Gifts From Wesleyan Friends

In addition to the above amount, a group of friends of the college have given to the Scholarship Fund a total of \$2,767.20. These are:

Mrs. J. N. McEachern, Atlanta.....	\$800.00
Mr. Dan Manget, Newnan.....	800.00
Mr. Charlie Frank Williams,	
Columbus	700.00
Mr. W. N. Banks, Newnan.....	317.20
Friends who ask that their names	
not be announced in this	
issue	150.00

Wesleyan Club Gifts

The Macon Wesleyan Club gave \$600 in scholarships to Miller High School girls, six \$100 scholarships; the Atlanta Club, \$250.00; the Washington, D. C. Club, \$200.00; the Columbus, Ga., Club, \$100.00.

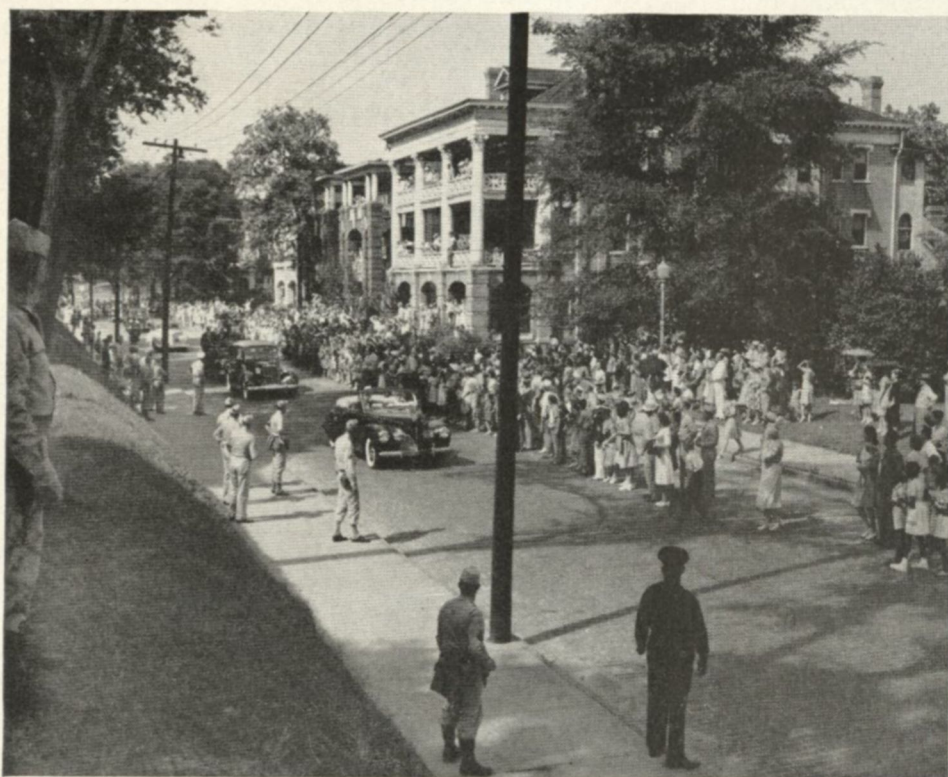
Other Special Scholarships

The Mollie Mason Art Scholarship (\$250.00) to Wesleyan School of Fine Arts, is given in memory of a beloved alumna and former teacher by her friend, Minnie (Bass) Burden, A.B. 1874.

The Virginia McCook Scholarship (\$150.00), given in memory of Virginia McCook of the class of 1935 by her mother, Essie (Skellie) McCook, 1904. Mrs. McCook also gave \$75.00 to the Wesleyan Library in Virginia's memory.

The Eloise Ainsworth Scholarship (\$100.00), given by Hattie (Saussy) Saussy, A.B. 1890, in memory of the daughter of Bishop and Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth who was Mayling Soong's playmate as a child.

The Maria Weaver Burks Scholarship (\$100), given in memory of Mrs. Burks



Little Mayling Soong comes back to Wesleyan as Madame Chiang Kai-shek,
First Lady of China.

